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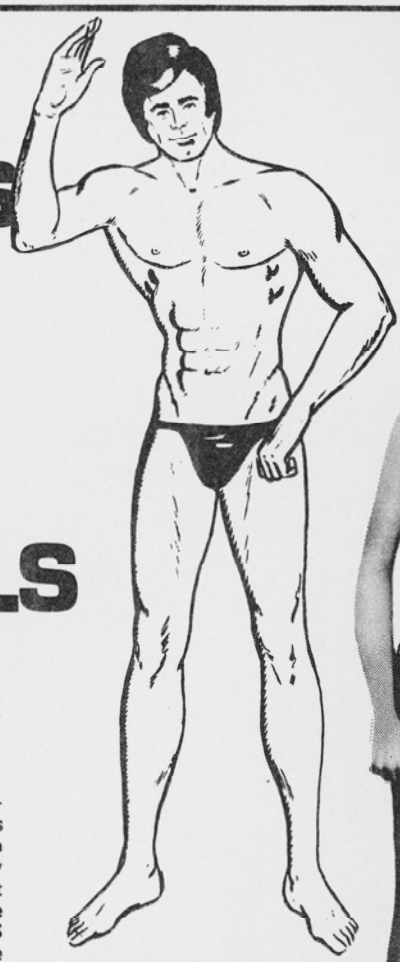

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C ☐ I enclose $49.95 for my Male Companion with Electronic Ejaculator.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I have enclosed $3.00 extra to cover C.O.D. fees and handling.

☐ I want Male Companion Doll C, $49.95, and Female Everything Doll C, $45.00, for the special reduced price of $82.95, saving $12.00.

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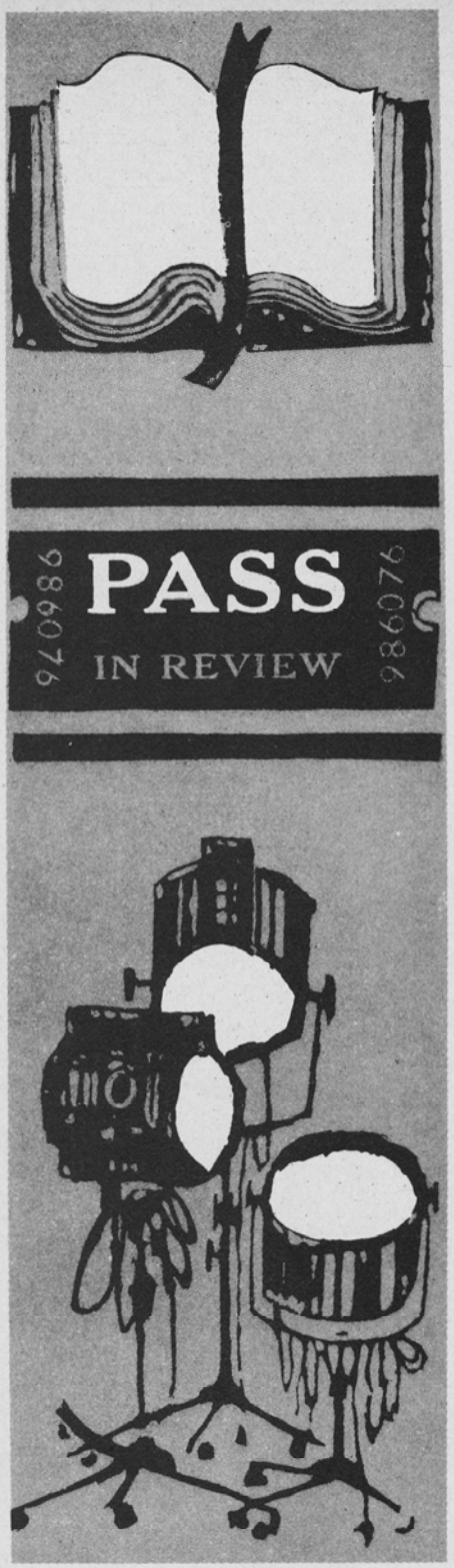
A ☐ I enclose $17.50 for my Everything Doll with one opening.

B ☐ I enclose $29.95 for my Everything Doll with three openings.

C ☐ I enclose $45.00 for my Electronic Everything Doll.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I have enclosed $3.00 extra to cover C.O.D. fees and handling.

"Oh, no, stewardess—he's not suffering from the effects of too much altitude . . ."



RECORDS

Catherine Howe: Harry (RCA) is an effective debut waxing for the pop/rock singer-songwriter. Ms. Howe has composed some exceptionally pretty melodies, and generally avoids cliches in her lyrics. "When The Sparrow Flies," "Where Would You Start?" and the title tune are particularly striking. In addition, Ms. Howe has a lovely voice well-suited to her material. The only real mistake here is a rendition of Bob Dylan's "To Be Alone With You," a tune that does not lend itself to Ms. Howe's style.

The Amazing Rhythm Aces: Stacked Deck (ABC) is a strong debut album for one of the best rock groups to surface in a long time. The ARA have strong rockabilly roots, but their original material bears their own stamp and is not merely derivative. "Third Rate Romance" is a classic narrative song, displaying a craftsmanship not found often these days. "Emma Jean," also by Russel Smith, is also a standout. Smith's distinctive singing, a funky rhythm section, and tasty guitar work make for some damn good music.

Sweetblood Call: The Blues Purity of Louisiana Red (Blue Labor) is a powerful album by one of the few authentic country blues artists around. Red is a strong singer and offers compelling lyrics on these mostly original tunes. A solid guitarist, Red's bootleneck work reveals the influence of Muddy Waters, Robert Johnson, and Elmore James. While the album does not convey the intensity of Red's live performances, there's some good blues here. Available from Blue Labor 106 Haven Ave. NY, NY 10032.

Sherry Bryce: This Song's For You (MGM) is a strong set by the country singer. Ms. Bryce has some good original material here, such as "Alabama—The Heart Of Dixie," and "For Husbands and Lovers." Other high points include "I Love Loving You" and "Simple Goodbye Song."

Country-rocker Jerry Jeff Walker is in good form on *Ridin High* (MCA). Jerry's usual Lost Gonzo Band is augmented by some top Nashville pickers, and the result is a solid album. There are fewer original tunes here than usual for Jerry Jeff, but there's good material from Jesse Winchester, Guy Clark, Willie Nelson, and others.

Country great Hank Snow has a mellow album in *You're Easy to Love* (RCA). Snow lends his smooth vocal style to "Merry-Go-Round of Love," "She Even Woke Me Up To Say Goodbye," "I Almost Lost My Mind," and other choice tunes. Tasteful backup guitar work, possibly by Snow himself, is much in evidence.

Ronee Blakeley: Welcome (Warner Bros.) is an impressive set of original tunes. Ms. Blakeley drew accolades for her performance in the film "Nashville." It is the songs she wrote for the film that are most successful—"Idaho Home" and "Tapedeck." Most of the other material here is somewhat less of a country bag. Some of the cuts here are a bit overproduced, not permitting Ms. Blakely's fine singing to stand out enough. "I Was Born To Love You" and the title tune are standouts.

Gladys Knight & The Pips: 2nd Anniversary (Buddah) is a mellow soul set with smooth arrangements, strong vocal work, and good material. "At Every End There's A Beginning," "You and Me Against The World," "Summer Sun" and "Feel Like Makin' Love" are among the highlights.

The Joe Venuti Blue Four (Chiaroscuro) is a triumph, on the same high level as Venuti's album with Zoot Sims last year. One of the few masters of jazz violin, Venuti is now in his eighties, but he's playing better than ever. The disc here recreates the feel of Venuti's early recordings from the twenties and thirties. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli may be considered the co-star of the session, for his Eddie Lang/Django-style rhythm and Dick McDonough-style chord solos are exciting as well as flawless and stylistically appropriate. The use of bass sax, played by Spencer Clark, rather than string bass on several numbers is also a treat. Among the high points here are a rousing performance of "Dinah" (with a seldom heard introductory verse) and "Blue Too," a duet with just Bucky and Joe.

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Photo on page 8 is from the movie, "Forbidden Under Censorship of the King."

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"How about some hair of the dog that bit you?"

Far from becoming extinct with the advent of the Pill, condoms are more popular than ever

THE RUBBER RENAISSANCE

by Frank Kolar

When the Pill was introduced in 1962, there was a wide-spread notion that the once-prevalent prophylactic would go the way of the horse and buggy, the kerosene lamp and the quill pen. And, indeed, there was a sharp drop in sales—for a period—but subsequent trends and new concerns have created a veritable "rubber renaissance." Despite its drawbacks, the redoubtable rubber is once again lining men's wallets and snuggling in dresser drawers. Even milady's purse may be so equipped. A main concern, of course, has been the alarming spread of VD. But there are attending factors—the prophylactic is a relatively safe contraceptive, or, in the very least, a confidence builder. They are also easy to use, easy to come by, and as a graffiti bug once wrote, "they take the worry out of being close." Further, there has been a growing concern over the effects of the Pill and hazards in other contraceptive devices, such as the IUD (interuterine device). The rubber, in the end—literally and figuratively—is fitted for the male of the species.

Consequently, the erstwhile hypocrisy surrounding the sale and advertising of prophylactics is gradually disappearing. In the spring of 1974 pioneering ground was broken on so-called conservative British soil. A U.S. manufacturer—ORTHO Pharmaceutical Corp.—advertised their Conceptrol Shields on outdoor poster sites throughout Great Britain. The poster showed two packages of condoms lying on a dresser top, next to a man's comb, after-shave, etc. The copy read: "New Conceptrol Shields. Family Planning For Men."

The rubber revolution and the new ad approach went through its embryonic stage in 1970. The first national advertising campaign was planned by Julius Schmid, Inc., makers of Ramses, Sheik and Fourex (which actually

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THE SEXY MAN'S DIET

Fatties, you may be overweight because you're screwed-up mentally. If so, a great way to get your head screwed on straighter, according to an eminent psychiatrist, is to screw away merrily

by Rudyard Cox

One of the biggest industries in the U.S. today is the business of making fat people become thin. All sorts of diet books hit the best-seller lists, miracle pills are widely advertised, exercise machines are pushed on the public. Meanwhile the Old Family Doctor (there's only one of them left, he's 97 years old and practices in a village in Northern Maine), says, "The only way to lose weight is to stop eating so much." But pill-eaters, calorie-counters, weight-watchers, exercycle-riders, best-seller-readers and plump people who like to eat, reject that advice. All want an easier way to get skinny.

Would you believe there is an easier way? Without books, exercycles, calorie-counting, starvation diets? There is, according to an eminent psychiatrist. The painless, even joyful, way to lose pounds and keep slim, he says, is to screw more.

Dr. Daniel Cappon of York University in Toronto is the delightful man behind this delightful idea. What the eminent psychiatrist actually said was that some people have a subconscious fear of sexual relations that causes them to overeat and become fat. He said the fundamental human needs—food, sleep and sex—are often confused with each other. So some guys prefer a chicken on the table to a chick on the bed.

Our office diddleologist Dr. Waite Watcha, agrees. He says the first thing to do with these screwed-up fat saps is to get their heads screwed on straighter and then let them screw away. And to help them along, he offers these simple rules for any overweight guys who want to get skinny in this new, pleasant way:

Choose a sweetie instead of a sweet.

Instead of a snack, indulge yourself with a tasty dish in the sack.

Eat broads instead of breads.

If you need exercice, throw out the exercycle and work out on a brunette.

During the coffee break don't put cream in your coffee—put cream in a redhead.

Substitute breakfast rolls with rolls in the hay.

For dessert, choose pie-a-la model.

Take your snacks in snatches.

Do a lot of push-ups—with somebody underneath you who appreciates it.

If you get too thin, think how happy you were getting that way.

Of course, as in the case with all diets, "The Sexy Man's Diet," must be used with

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TINA

Tantalizing Tina hails from the sun-drenched shores of Birdbath, California. A gal who likes to relax and who values her privacy, Tina spends her days lounging in her hammock, devouring detective novels. She's rumored to be one of the best female swim-

mers in the country, but refuses to enter any athletic contests. "I love to swim, but I don't dig the competition and pressure of the athletic events. I'm not out to beat anybody; I

know I'm good, but I don't feel the need to prove it to the world. I'm glad to see more women entering professional sports, however; the field has been dominated by men for too

long. In high school I was excluded from most of the athletics I enjoyed because I was a girl."

Tina pursues her modeling career just far enough to support her easy-going life-style. "I'm not out to make a bundle," she says. "I do all my own cooking and make most of my own clothes, so my expenses are minimal. It's a good life, and I enjoy it." And we sure enjoy

looking at her. She exudes an exciting sensuality that can really turn a guy on.

After getting heavily into detective novels, Tina decided to try her hand at writing, and

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THE RUBBER RENAISSANCE

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appears as XXXX—and smacks a bit of X-rating). The ads appeared in selected magazines such as Modern Bride, Ebony and Bride's, and a few progressive newspapers. The copy's message was addressed to "the millions of women who will go off the pill this year."

Still, there was some stiff resistance—a reluctance by many periodicals and papers to print the ads. One of the major sources of trouble was the names of the prophylactics, such as Ramses and Sheik. (And maybe all those XXXX's.) Certain magazine sources complained that the names sounded too much of "cornball adventure" rather than a serious attitude towards birth control. A further gripe was the unoriginality of one copy headline: "90 per cent of all people are caused by accidents." It was not only flippant, it was hoary.

But by 1971 there were a number of major breakthroughs. Women's magazines such as Redbook, McCalls and the Ladies' Home Journal accepted the ads, which were prepared for the Youngs Drugs Products Company, makers of the nation's biggest selling condom—Trojan. The director of new product development said that the favorite headline for the women's magazines was "Trojans for the liberated woman." Their product was called a prophylactic and stressed VD control. Schmid, on the other hand, prefers to call them male contraceptives and the stress is on contraception.

Some form of the condom has actually been around for many centuries. Its antecedents can certainly be traced to the ancient male sheath. These were made of animal skin, cloth, or seedpots—the Chinese even used oiled silk paper. However, contractption was not the object—the sheaths served as a fertility charm, a safety measure and even a badge of honor.

For example, the protective covering was sometimes intended to safeguard man's most treasured tool. It also warded off demons that were so prevalent in superstitious times. On the practical side, the covering provided protection against insect bites. And for snob status there were different colors—a man's rank was determined by the coloring of the shield.

VD may also have ancient antecedents. Myths often embrace a certain ingrained truth, and one concerns the Greek legend of Minos, king of Crete. It seems he had something of a lousy love life—every time he indulged in intercourse he ejaculated a plethora of assorted scorpions and serpents along with his semen, which invariably infected his partner. He eventually married the daughter of the sun gold, and he thought her lofty status would keep her safe and from the plaguing demons. She did not become infected, but neither could she conceive a child. However, as so often occurs in legends, a smart chick was living in the court at the time, and she came up with an ingenious solution.

She procured a goat's bladder, enlisted a female from the servile ranks, and had the king ball her. This somehow enabled him to empty out the demons, but still have enough left over to service his wife. It appears to have worked—she bore the king eight children.

The main point of this questionable tale is that although the sheath was introduced into the female vagina, it was there for the purpose of containing the king's penis. In this manner, then, it was one of the first condoms. Since myths often have some basis in fact, the use of goat's bladders for contraception (or protection from infection) may have been known in ancient Greece.

Actually, no one knows who invented the device, but it is known that sheep's guts were used in the Middle East in the 15th century. An early European experiment was a linen cloth saturated with a mercury solution. It resembled a small sock, and fit very loosely. Its design hardly inspired confidence—it tore easily. And the foolhardy frugal had no qualms about reusing it—they simply glued the pieces together.

Sadly for the story of sex, VD had become widespread by the 17th century, and other experimenters emerged. One dabbler was a slaughterhouse worker, who when tearing out animal guts, struck upon the possibility of using them. Another contemporary colleague toyed with fish bladders.

Some sources attribute the linen condom to Gabriel Fallopius, a 16th century anatomist, whom the fallopian tubes were named after. He was concerned about syphilis and invented the simple device, it has been reported. However, its contraceptive nature quickly became evident—thus assuring its popularity with the masses.

In any event, lamb's guts were probably the most effective of the early experiments. The use of these intestines has been attributed to two sources. And, hence, the name—condom.

One of the originators was supposed to have been a Colonel Condom of Britain's Royal Guards. He reportedly used animal guts in devising what he called the "French letter," in the early 17th century. Its function was to protect his soldiers from the French fillies, whom, it was believed, were spreading the dreaded disease with wild abandon.

But the most generally accredited source was a certain Dr. Conton, a 17th century English physician, and confidant of the lecherous King Charles II. It seems the horny king was suffering from guilt feelings, because of the flock of illegitimate children he'd sired.

The solicitous Dr. Conton went diligently to work. He cut out lamb's guts, fashioned a sheath, then dried and oiled it. This was presented to

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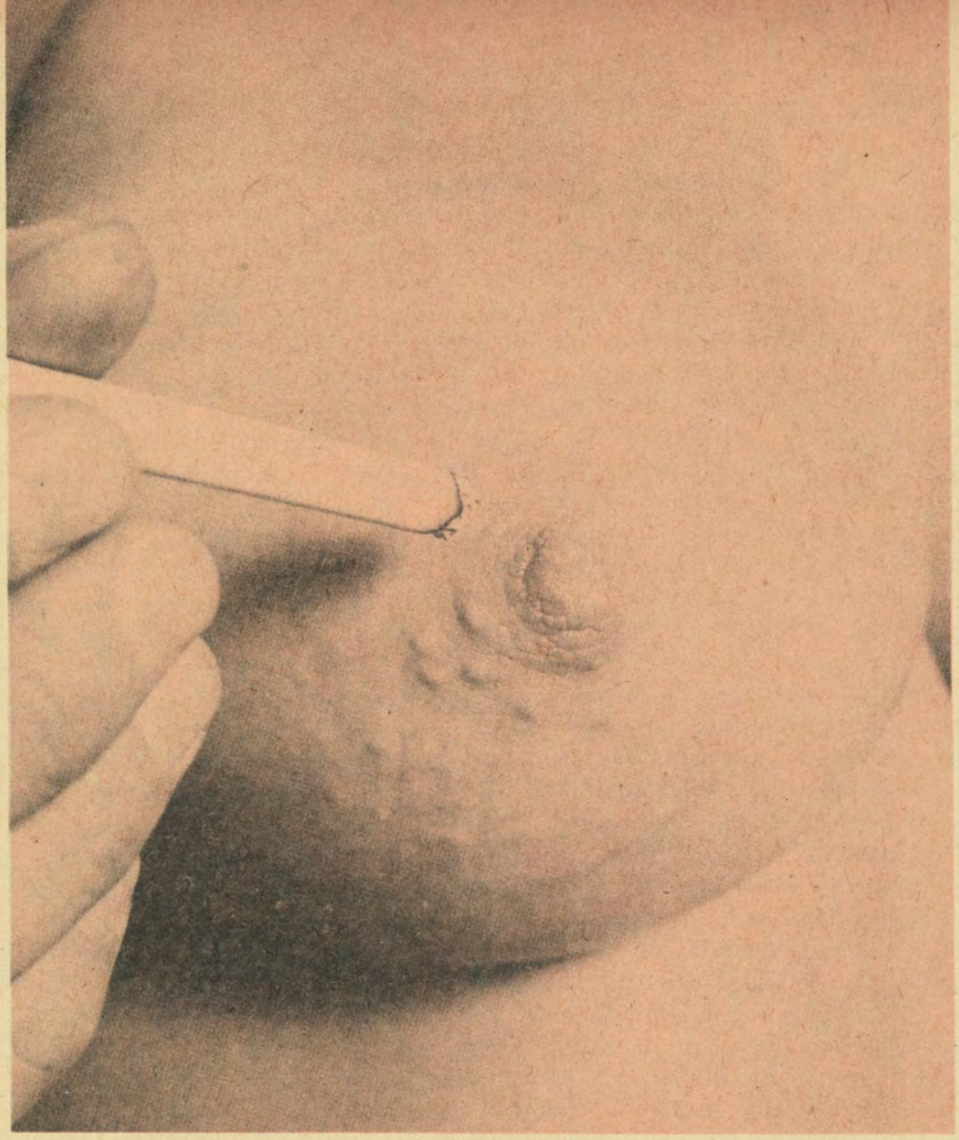
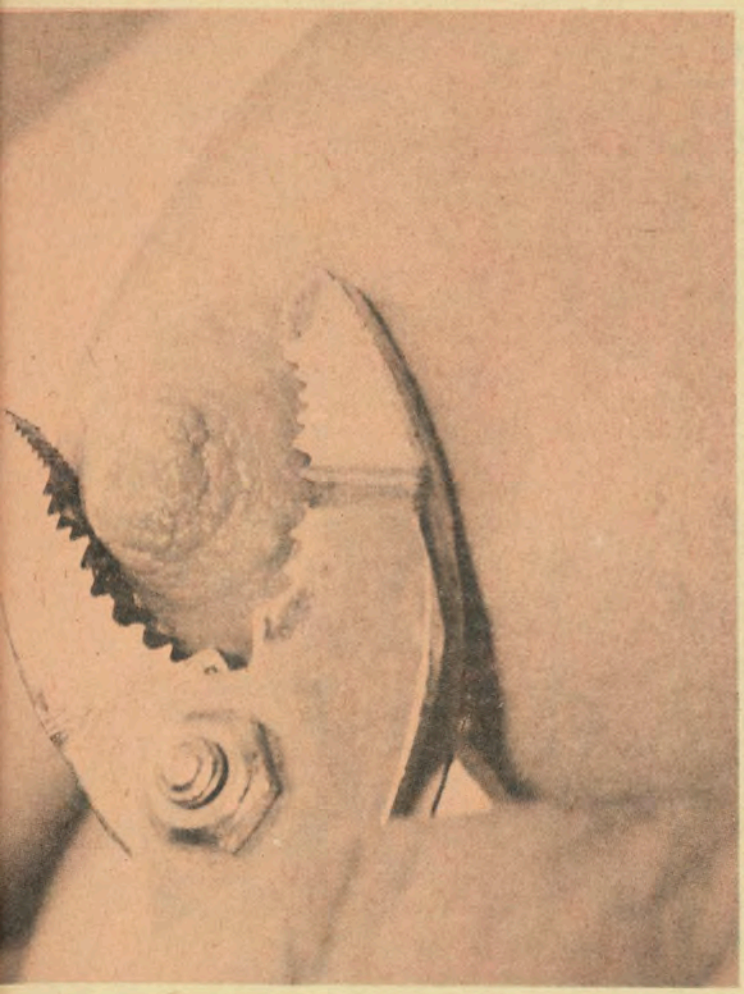


Welcome to the house of whacks.
and who gets a kick, not from

CONFESSIONS OF A FEMALE MASOCHIST

by Nancy Busch (as told to Bill Maury)

Here's a gal who laughs most when it hurts most; champagne, but by being kicked in the old keister



I'm a masochist. Pure and simple. Well, not so pure and not at all simple. I used to open my doors to neighborhood pals who'd come into my apartment with whips, rubber truncheons, weeping willow branches, croquet mallets and fly rods. I'd throw myself face down on the sofa and shout: "Okay, gang, start beating around the Busch!" They'd all laugh like little kids and proceed to beat the living hell out of me. My place was known as the "House of Whacks." Bruises were my badges of honor. Contusions, cuts, abrasions, welts and wounds were monuments to the emotional satisfaction I derived from these thorough thrashings. As I always say, beatings are beautiful.

Recently I fell in love. He was a tall, debonair gentleman who worked as a coin changer at a wishing well. If he were a sadist we would have been made for each other. As we became friendlier, he noticed my body's large collection of black-and-blue bumps. "My God," he said, slapping himself on the forehead (I prayed he would slap me on the forehead, but no such luck) "your body looks like a full-color wall map of the West Virginia mountain trails. You've got more lumps than an umpire's pockets."

Ashamed, I lied to him for the first time. I told him I was just clumsy and fell down a lot. He believed me because he had an overprotective mother who had kept him in the Philadelphia School for the Sheltered until he was 27. Eventually my bruises embarrassed him. We drifted apart. My request that he let me stick my tongue in the slot of a used razor blade receptacle and ride the Bumper Cars at the amusement park dismayed him. And when we finally became intimate, he was chagrined to find I slept on an Indian bed of nails. "Sorry, you're not my bag," he murmured, as he stumbled off into the night.

"Come back, Larry," I called. "At least come back and kick me good-bye." But he didn't. It was then I realized my habit was controlling me. I was hooked. I decided it was time to do something about it. I tried psychiatry. A failure. In the transference stage I fell off the couch and hurt myself. It gave me a thrill. I kept falling and hurting, falling and hurting—at $25 an hour yet! I quit because I may have been hooked, but I never paid for it in my life.

I joined Masochist's Anonymous. I attended meetings. I took the pledge. They made me recording secretary. I was responsible for compiling and reading the minutes of the last beating. If I were at home and felt like having a bullwhip session, I'd call up a fellow member and he'd try to talk me out of it. But the habit was too deeply ingrained. I tried. But it was overpowering. I'd walk down the street and, passing a bunch of hard-hats, start singing, "Hey, Work Me Over" or "You Do Something To Me—Anything"; "Don't Break My Heart, Just My Arm."

Later I met a buck-toothed mailman who bit me through the mail slot in my door whenever he delivered a letter. I sent get-well cards to myself just so he'd come to my door and clamp his bicuspids on a tender area. They threw me out of the club. Nothing worked. Then I read about hypnosis. It had cured smokers, kleptomaniacs, overeaters, drug adicts and macaroon freaks. It was a group session and a Dr. Amos T. Bangler was the man in charge. In the pre-joining interview I told him my long, sad story. To begin with my mother did wear paratrooper boots. And she used them on me when I was a naughty girl. I found that being naughty got me a well-aimed punt in the posterior and I found being horrid quite enjoyable. I still remember my formative years when I was hit across the head by a blunt object—my father. He had just given up smoking and didn't know what to do with his hands.

As I grew up I found certain words gave me tender thrills. The word "eye-lashes," for instance, sent shivers up my spine. "Licorice whips" were my favorite candies. Every month I'd read about two Princeton boys who set new records slapping each other in the face. I throbbed with envy—I was too poor to go to college. When television commercials extolled the virtues of quick foods saying "Shake and bake," "whip and chill," "heat and serve," I'd climb the walls with visions of orgiastic gaiety leading to unspeakable ecstasy.

My first romantic yearnings were set off by a Louisville Slugger. He was a behemoth of a man named Kentucky Joe Bludgeon. He was a hitter, a roughhouser and I loved him. One day, we were skating at the Rockefeller Center ice skating rink in New York and, feeling in a devilish mood, I lied down on the ice and let little boys whack hocky pucks into my mouth. That was another "fetish" in my cap.

Kentucky Joe married me. I became Mrs. Bludgeon. We hit it off great together for a while. But soon the bloom faded. He stopped slapping me. It was as if he got accustomed to me and never desired to poke me. Perhaps he just got arm-weary. Anyhow, he called off the marriage on a technical after the eighth month and left. I sued him for breach of assault. I was a free woman again. Free, except for the bonds that chained me to the fearful, yet joyous, agonies of masochism.

Dr. Bangler listened patiently and invited me to try hypnosis. The meeting was held in a wonderful padded room in the heart of Manhattan. The walls were adorned with whips, net stockings, leather thongs, medieval maces, high heels and billy clubs, all turned in by members after being treated. We sipped carrot juice and talked. Believe me, it was a comfort just to know so many other people were suffering from the ravages of masochism.

I met one man who used to have two women come to visit him every Thursday. Each would clap a plumber's helper, a plunger, over his ears. They'd press until the suction built up to an explosive point and then pull. It was his fix for the week. Not only did he revel in the pain, but he heard free music for days. Mostly Lawrence Welk. On a particularly good rip-away it was the London Philharmonic.

Another man described his wild nightmare about having each ankle bound to a drawbridge. At a given signal a button was pushed. As the bridge opened slowly, people would come for miles around to make a

wish as his legs were pulled apart. He said he always woke up in severe pain—enjoying every moment of it.

Dr. Bangler opened by speaking in a soft sing-song voice about having respect for ourselves by being in charge of our emotions, ailments and hang-ups. He then soft-talked us into a deep trance. In an hypnotic state we were given anti-masochism mottoes and suggestions:

"Don't Give Till it Hurts."

"Kiss Gently."

"Squeeze With Meaning and Tenderness."

"Never Clean Your Ears With a Cotton-Tipped Harpoon."

Later Dr. Bangler said the secret was to achieve a state where the desire not to be brutalized became stronger than the need. I left feeling cleansed, stronger. I repeated the suggestions at work, at home and at play. Once, when tacking up a calendar, I accidentally jabbed my finger. Then I did it again. Fourteen times. I felt myself slipping back into my old groove. But the mottoes and Dr. Bangler's soporific tones gave me strength. In gratitude I fell to my knees, hurting them. It gave me more pleasure. Another problem. I fought. I sloganized. I overcame.

The following week Dr. Bangler explained that some people succeed with the "cold turkey" treatment—immediate withdrawal. Others cut down gradually, such as smokers going from four packs to three and so on down. I chose the latter. It seems to be working. I am able to contain my need for punishment to a greater extent. Right now I'm down to four *smacks* a day.

Oh, I'm still a masochist. There is no such thing as an ex-masochist, just as there are no ex-alcoholics, ex-dope addicts, ex-nicotine fiends or ex-kleptomaniacs. You're an "ex" only until you slip again.

I do believe in hypnotism now. However, there are some bad side effects. I think I have my masochism under control, but I've taken up smoking, drinking, put on 40 pounds by compulsive eating and recently heisted a toaster, TV set and a vacuum cleaner from the local appliance store.

But for the most part my maso chism is gone, thanks to hypnotism. I've thrown away my whipcord trousers and handcuffs. I use my Indian bed of nails as a community bulletin board. I've given up playing "Slap and Tell." Suggestive words no longer excite me to visions of glorious gore and brutalized beatings.

However, there are times when I'm alone and feeling wistful and if I look out my window at a light drizzle, I find myself idly wondering whatever became of *Lash LaRue and Spanky McFarland.* □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

"Sex and violence!"

The phrase has got into the language and it is almost as commonplace as "ham and eggs."

Why?

Because of TV.

There are people out there who think that all the shoot-em-ups on television inspire imitators who go out into real life and shoot real people with real bullets and leak real blood. Perhaps it is so, but nobody has yet proved that video caused Cain to trash Abel.

Be that as it may, why should Sex be teamed with Violence as an entry? Except where the far-outs engage in rape and sadism (which we all deplore, don't we?), sex is a nice, friendly, non-violent business where two people who may even love each other embrace and pet and kiss and whisper compliments to each other and go on from there, etc., etc., etc. Both survive. They may have liked it so much they'll have another go at it.

So sex is really nice, warm and friendly.

Does it ever cause violence? Of course. A guy tries to steal your girl, you punch him in the nose.

Big deal. Football, hockey, boxing are violent to beat the bejeesus. No sex at all unless all those players are homos.

Lovers, let's try to knock out that phrase, "Sex and Violence." Write to your congressman. Write to Wilbur Mills.

Sports Dept.: Nude Wrestling Beats Pingpong

Do you enjoy wrestling? You could enjoy it even more in San Francisco where they have evolved a game in which a man picks out a nude female opponent and is permitted to—er—wrestle her to the mat.

The Frisco sport is a commercial enterprise featured in former massage parlors. Our west coast correspondent got so hipped over the idea that he forgot to inquire about the rules of the game, whether there is a referee, how many downs are you allowed before you punt and is there any special trophy for a hole-in-one.

One item he did note: The man must pay a fee (an entry fee?) whereas his opponent doesn't have to pay anything. Obviously this is unfair to males and if Gloria Steinen and her cohorts are sincere about Equal Rights, they will protest vigorously.

If Gloria disputes this, we'll wrestle her any old time, won't we, chaps?

It Sure Beats "Little Girls' Room!"

People who send in clippings don't always give the source. Such is the case with the following or we'd give credit:

Q—Who invented the flush toilet?

A—A Victorian gentleman named Thomas Crapper who also, quite unintentionally, left for posterity three gifts to the English language: a noun, a verb and an adjective.

Naval Officer Makes a Boob-boo?

By tradition, a skipper is supposed to go down with his ship. This is especially true in a submarine. Connelly D. Stevenson, Commander of the U.S.S. Finback did that. But when the sub was in the depths of the Atlantic somewhere off Port Canaveral, Fla., a radio message ordered the skipper to bring his craft back to port and told him he had been relieved of his command pending the investigation of "an incident of a non-operational nature."

What was Stevenson's crime? Heavens to Betsy, you wouldn't believe it! He had permitted a topless go-go dancer to appear on deck to entertain the crew just before the ship sailed!

Hully-gee! What if the Russians should hear about such a decadent officer?

Some Big Drunks Make Headlines

From Tanzania comes a report that wild elephants have been gorging on formented fruit and going on drunken rampages through a game reservation. Question: Do intoxicated elephants see Pink Men?

Now Court Should OK Bottomless Terpsichore

The U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled that topless dancing is protected by the Constitution. Yay! Let's hear it for the Constitution!

We had always heard from the big domes that the U.S. Constitution was the greatest document ever put forth for a free nation. Yaÿ! In this Centennial Year let's hear it for the Founding Fathers! For George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Button Gwinnett. Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue and Topless Dancing!

The Court also ruled that such dancing was a form of communication. Must be so. Sometimes even a brainy person can learn from a boob. *(continued on page 57)*

CONNIE

Connoisseurs of fine food and exquisite females are bound to be doubly pleased by beauteous Connie, a Louisiana lovely who takes a keen interest in the culinary arts. An excellent cook skilled in the preperation of Creole, Mexican, and Latin American dishes, Connie recently resigned her position as gourmet editor of a prestigious national magazine in order to devote her time to setting up a cooking school in her home town of Covington, Louisiana. "I really enjoy teaching others to cook," says BUF Connie. "A lot of

chefs are secretive with their recipes and techniques, but that's not where it's at for me. If I can help someone out with a tip or trick of the trade I've picked up somewhere, I'll pass on the information." Our culinary cutie is

encouraged by the unusually large number of men who have enrolled for her cooking classes. "It's about time guys learned how to cook. With women's lib and all, they have to, these days. I've designed a special course for the beginners where I concentrate on the basics, and I think it's going to be one of my post popular classes."

Naturally it's not only Connie's skills in the

kitchen that are attracting all those guys to her classes. Super-shaped Connie is one of the most delectable dishes to be found anywhere. As a matter of fact, we would say she's in a class by herself, but that's no good for a teacher.

After the photo session, Connie invited us to her pad for dinner. We sampled a delicious and spicy Mexican pork and hominy stew called Pozole de Jalisco. Those of you not fortunate enough to be able to fill your stomachs with Connie's grub will have to be content with feasting your eyes on these sensational pics. □

The Chinese doctor had performed his unique operation and now our hero hopefully was going to test his new potency

by L. Romer Garvey

Simpson was desperate; he could smell the desperateness rising out of his armpits as he lay on the table and watched the little Chinese doctor hovering over his crotch with a staplegun. "Are you sure it has to be there, Doctor, exactly there?" Simpson choked. He was not just desperate; he was scared, very scared.

"Relax, please, Mr. Simpson. As I explained before, this operation is totally safe and painless. In a few minutes it will be all over. Now if you'll just remove your hands. . . ."

The smooth musical voice of the doctor was supposed to be soothing but to Simpson it sounded like the voice of a madman. "But are you sure that this will cure me?" Simpson stalled. "I mean can you guarantee that this staple will make me potent again?"

Behind his facemask Doctor Wook sighed. "Mr. Simpson, I am not an appliance repairman. I can guaratee nothing. I can only tell you that in other cases of sexual dysfunction similar to your own, staplepuncture has proved successful."

"One little gold staple! It's just so fantastic, so hard to believe," Simpson exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Simpson, the human body is a very sensitive instrument; the smallest the most subtle change in it can alter its whole behavior. Now if you'll just relax and lower your knees again, I can begin."

"But Doctor Wook, you don't understand the enormity of it. I've been impotent for so long! Ever since my divorce five years ago I've been unable to complete the sex act with a woman. Every time I find myself in a sexual situation, I go limp, perfectly limp. No matter how excited I am or how much I want the woman, my penis just hangs there like a dead tulip. Can you imagine the humiliation, the frustration, Doctor? And I've tried everything—creams, psychiatry, sex clinics, even witchcraft. I've spent thousands of dollars! Every spare cent I've had has gone into trying to make me potent. And now one little staple, one little gold staple and I'm a man again!"

In his enthusiasm Simpson made a wide gesture with his hands and quickly Dr. Wook dove toward his crotch with the staplegun. Simpson felt a small zipper-like

STAPLE LOVE

prick of pain which lasted only an instant.

"That's it," he cried amazed, "that's all?"

"Yes, of course. I told you it would be painless." Dr. Wook was already putting away his staplegun.

"But, Doctor, wait. Suppose one staple's not enough? My problem is a very severe one. Maybe you should put in another couple just to be sure."

Dr. Wook removed his facemark. "No, Mr. Simpson, that would not only be unnecessary, but also dangerous. The sexual drive in man is very complex. Too much tampering can destroy it totally. Each of my patients is allowed only one staple. There can be no additional staples, no repeat operations. I can't allow my patients to take that kind of risk."

Then how long will I have to wait before the staple will begin to make me potent?" Simpson asked eagerly.

"It should be effective immediately. And remember, if you should ever feel yourself failing again, simply concentrate on the staple. It is now the source of all your psychosexual energy."

Simpson got up and began dressing and felt a new strength, a new buoyancy in his body. He felt capable of anything; he felt as if Dr. Wook had just given him Excalibur.

"It's like a miracle," he exclaimed as he counted out the twelve hundred dollars for Dr. Wook. "It's like the blind seeing or the deaf hearing!"

Dr. Wook smiled as he deposited the twelve hundred dollars in a zippered alligator bag. "There are no miracles, Mr. Simpson, only believers."

Simpson was sitting at the bar in the Cambridge Hotel concentrating on his staple when the girl approached him. At first he didn't realize that she was speaking to him.

"Are you slow?" she whispered leaning close to his face.

"What?" Simpson looked up from his beer, startled.

"I said, are you slow?" She was tall and had brandy-colored hair trickling to her waist.

"What do you mean 'slow?'"

"I mean do you come slowly? Can you last a long time?"

Simpson was stunned. Nobody had ever had to bother asking him this before. "Well, that depends," he said finally.

"On what?" She had a voice like firelight, warm and soft.

"On who I'm with, of course." Simpson could feel the confidence rising in him like a tide.

"Well, shall we see how you are with me?"

"Your place or mine?" Simpson asked.

"Whichever's closer," she answered.

Her name was Lila and they ended up at Simpson's apartment. When they got there she refused his offer of a drink and headed straight toward the bedroom, dropping her clothes behind her as she went. After having one himself, Simpson followed the trail of clothes and found her lying naked on top of his bed. This was usually the point where everything fell apart. How many women had Simpson seen lying there beckoning to him like that? How many warm bodies had he dove toward only to find himself as limp as a filleted fish the moment he landed. The psychiatrist had told him that he was impotent because his divorce had made him feel threatened by women; subconsciously he was afraid that women were asking more of him than he could give. Now he stood gazing at the lovely Lila, willing her everything he had.

"Come on," she murmured, throwing open her arms. Her breasts were like two beautiful bowls of strawberries and cream.

(continued on page 58)

"Want to play Jack in the box?"

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

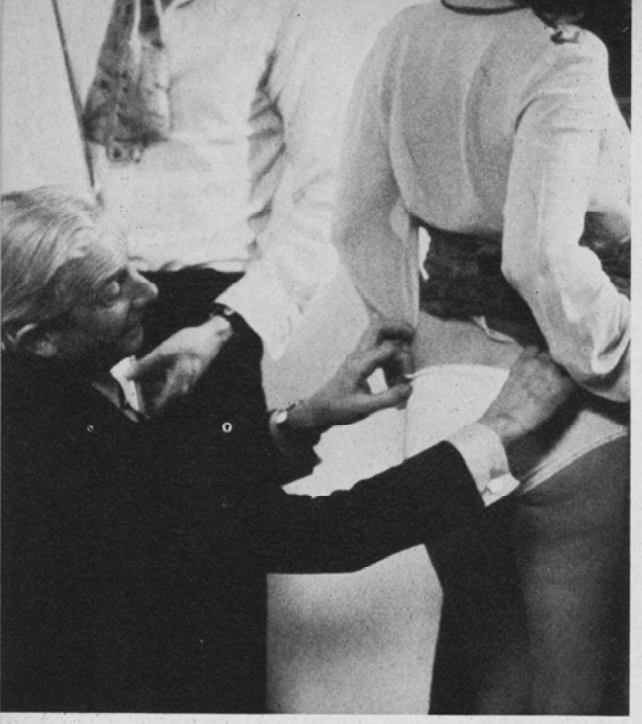
In "Rancho DeLuxe," starring Elizabeth Ashley, Slim Pickens, Sam Waterson and Jeff Bridges, we're transported to a cattle show where a huge prize bull receives an award. Says one of the guys present: "I'd like to go from one piece of ass to another just like him and get a blue ribbon for the job."

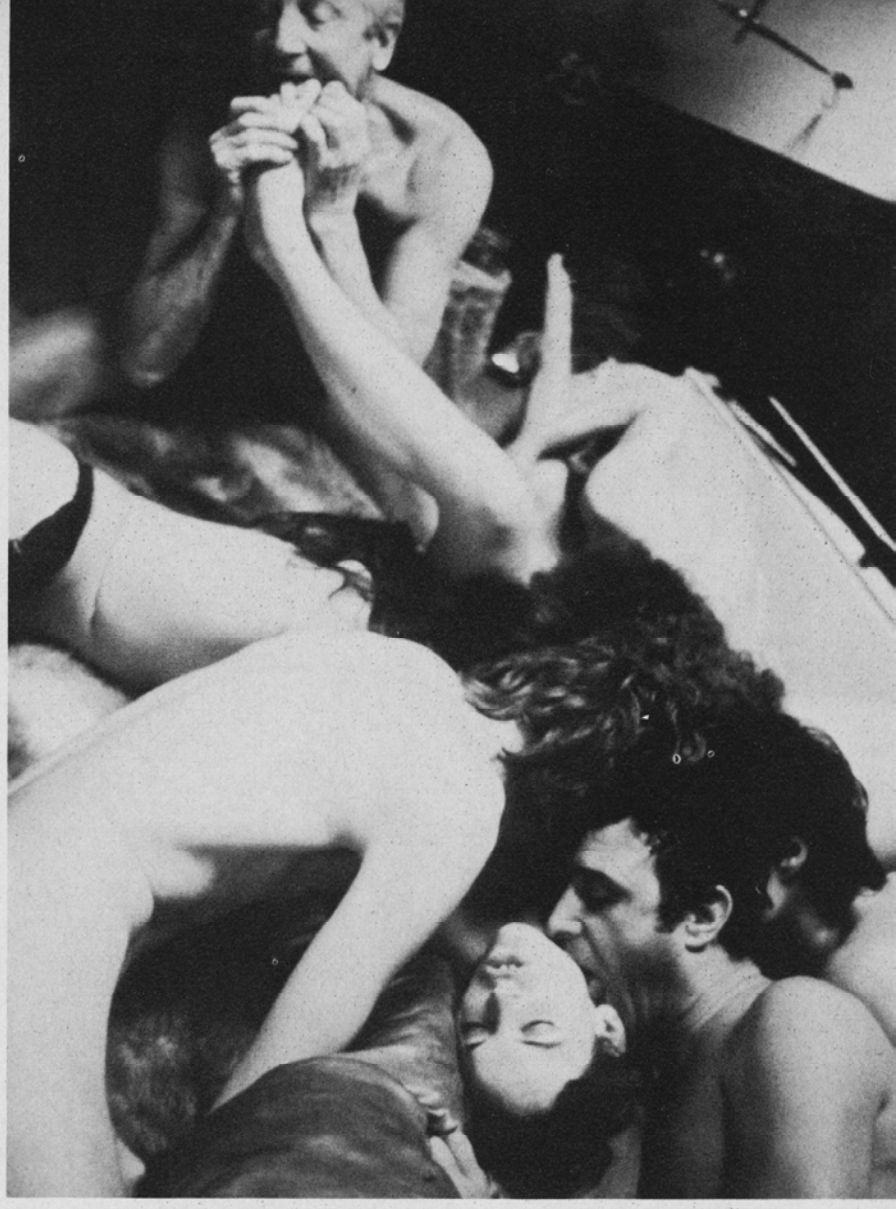
"Moses and Aaron," a West German-French-Italian film of Arnold Schoenberg's opera, even features the famous nude ballet before the Golden Calf—although one critic made the unkind remark that the four naked virgins "resemble a 'before' cellulite ad."

MGM's "Hearts Of the West," which premiered at NY and Frisco Film Fests, stars Alan Arkin as a Hollywood diector of B-pictures in the 30's. Every time he fires an actor he yells: "He is a piss-ass." Andy Griffith, as a Western actor and writer, says about a nubile girl: "She looks like she has a couple of juicy hams under her sweater."

In "Give 'em Hell, Harry!" in which James Whitmore stars as Harry S. Truman, the late President says: "There's only one way to stop this (political corruption) and that is to kick the right asses!" On General MacArthur's famous demand "to unleash" Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek's troops against Red China and North Korea, HST remarks: "Chiang's troops couldn't fight their way out of a Shanghai whore-

From Pinnacle Books' fascinating "The Whole Sex Catalogue," a compendium of current and historical erotic art, are [top] "The Eloquence of Man," private collection, Tokyo—Histoire de l'Erotisme and the rarely-exhibited Gaugin sketch from the Erotic Art Of The Masters.





All the photos on this page are from the explicitly sensual, highly erotic flick, "Sensations", featuring a bevy of sexy Oriental and European chicks. The photo on the top left shows a derriere lover who really isn't behind the times. To the right, an orgy scene. Note the character on top indulging in what might be called a "toe-maine" poisoning risk. And the photo on the bottom is a shear delight, depicting a cut-up snipping away at a willing gal's garter belt.

house." In another scene HST reminisces about a predecessor in the White House: "Chester Arthur kept a whore on the premises. Back home we call a fellow like that a widower with means."

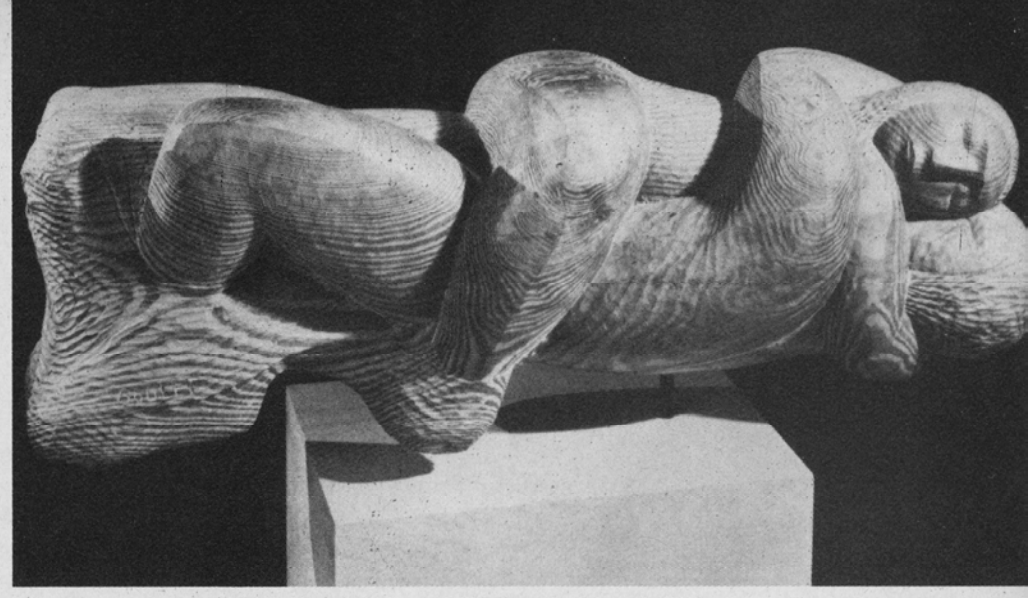
Hot Flash: Jim Buckley's "S.O.S." (Screw on the Screen) won the Golden Cock Award at La Belle France's first porn flick festival.

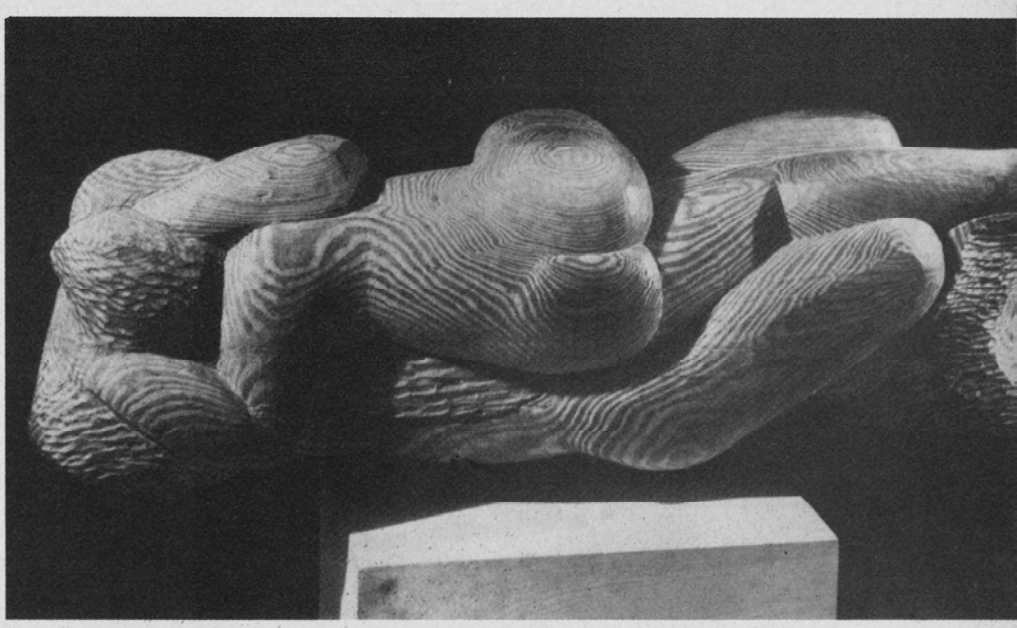
Britain's Tuppy Owens, who not only performs fellatio in the film, "Sensations," but did so on NY Cable-TV, is also an author-editor-merchandiser. She created both the "Sex Maniac's Thesarus" and "The Sex Maniac's Diary." The latter contains a flipbook f--k scene, she boasts.

The Whitney Museum's New American Filmmaker Series featured Bob Fleischner's "Grandma's House" shot in Brooklyn. The film department prepared detailed program notes for audiences and here is a brief extract: ". . . A disturbing number of girls' bodies jiggle with cock-teasing enticements . . . Suddenly, like shit from heaven, a miracle, a girl shows Jerry attention! Can it be true? Is it surrealism? Has his dream girl of yore indeed fallen into his lap? We see receptive Barbara flash disarming cuntvisions at our hapless fall-guy friend for reasons of her own. She confronts him and a whole cuntful of possibility opens in Jerry's life."

"Patty" whose theme is the kidnap case of you-know-who, graphically details the heroine being drugged, tortured, raped, and at one point sexually assaulted by three snakes during an initiation rite. (The flick's star is porno actress Sarah Nicholson who was detained by the cops last year while in New York because they thought she was the real Patty.

Bill Copley, the artist who once painted NO SMOKING on the bare buttocks of his voluptuous nudes so people would pay attention, is now completing a series of Bi-Centennial paintings, among them one in patriotic colors, with English and American flags in the background titled, "My Fatherland can F--k Your Motherland."



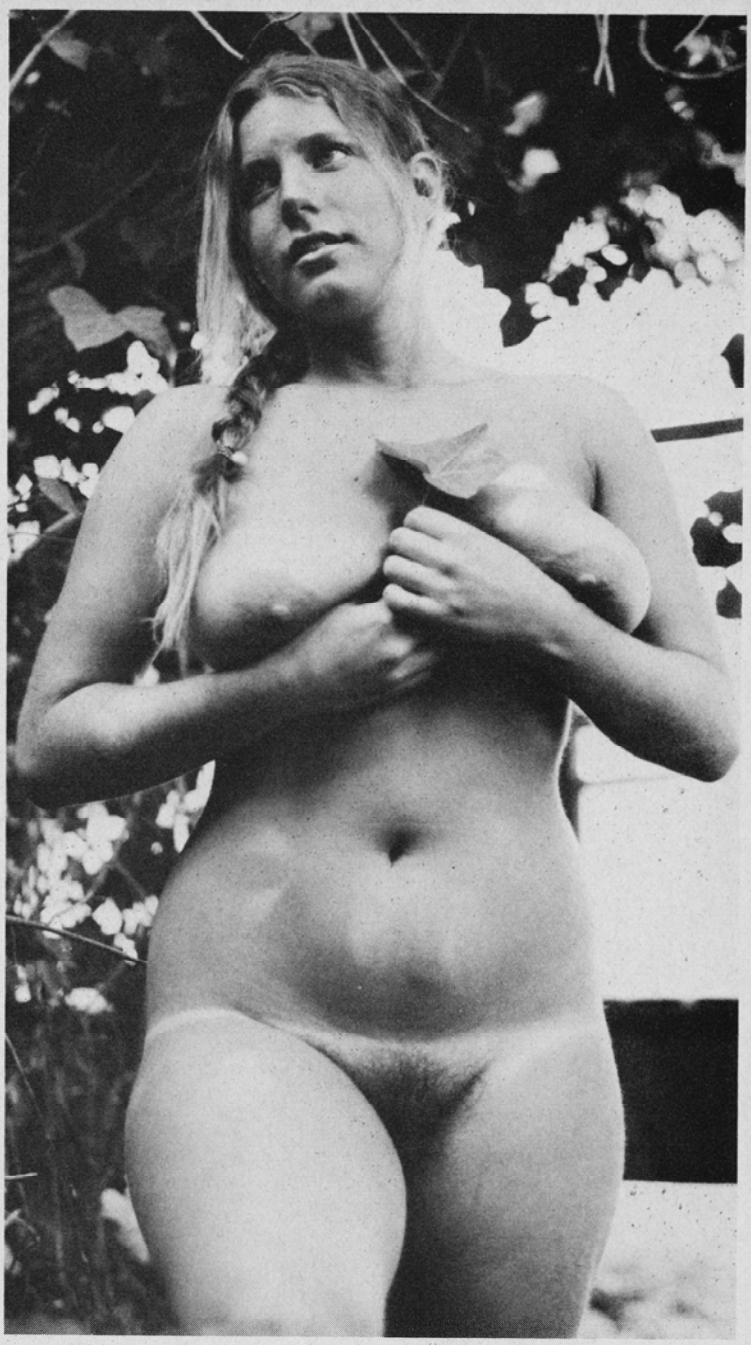


Front and back views of Lorrie Goulet's excellent wood carving, "Lovers", exhibited at the Kennedy Galleries in New York City.

In his Bantam book, "When I Say No I Feel Guilty," Dr. Manuel J. Smith reveals: "To illustrate the involuntary characteristics of sexual arousal to my students in class, I take out a $20 bill and make them an offer, 'If you can command yourself to be sexually aroused, command an erection or engorged vaginal tissue and I'll give you $20. Take 30 seconds. That's not enough? Take a minute! No one has ever picked up my $20.'"

"Linda Lovelace Meets Miss Jones" is a flick that can also boast the one and only Harry Reems who plays a virile TV repairman who certainly knows how to plug things up properly. Golden rain is what turns Lovelace on, but what turns Spelvin on you'll have to see for yourself. Hilarous bits include a fellatio scene with a hairy, horny King Kong character, and a bevy of what the flick calls "beauty c--testants."

Henny Youngman tells about an MD specializing in rejuvenation procedures who called up a wealthy elderly patient and said, "Mr. K., come over—your hard-on is ready."



HEIDI

Several years ago, football fans across the nation were enraged when an important and exciting televised game (we think it was the Jets against the Raiders) was interrupted in order to show the children's film "Heidi." We'll bet that had they been treated instead to a view of beautiful Heidi Von Trapp, their minds would have turned away from football, towards making a different kind of pass. Heidi is a sports-loving lass herself, loving skiing, but this bountiful, blue-eyed pig-tailed BUFer doesn't have too much time for it as she is a practicing psychoanalyst, making her home in Montana. And she is an ardent supporter of the women's movement, believing that psychology and the related sciences must be

Gem of the Month

revised to accommodate a modern view of woman's role in society. "I don't think Freud ever really liked women," she says. "He'd sure get a roasting from the libbers if he were around today."

A distant relative of the famous singing Von Trapp family, around whom the film "The Sound of Music" was based, Heidi journeys to Austria each year for a Von Trapp reunion. "I love singing the old songs," she says. "Those tunes are important to me; I grew up with them." We grew up with a song called, "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody." If that's true, Heidi is a symphony. After all, she's got great movements, arouses deep emotions and is a thing of beauty.

Heidi not only sings but composes as well. In her less serious moments, she writes novelty

songs. "Today there is so much violence and such a lack of romance. Every song used to be about a kiss. Now the emphasis seems to be on kicks." She gave us an arpeggio and warbled her new song titles: "Just a Kick in the Dark," "Give Me a Kick to Build a Dream On," "Kick

Me Once, Kick Me Twice and Kick Me Once Again, It's Been a Long, Long Time." We got a kick out of this serious-minded gal kidding around and asked if any of her songs had ever been published. "No," she replied, "I thought I had written a real good one, but the stupidity of the music publisher turned me off and I've never tried to sell another one.

"Why, what happened?" we queried.

"I took my song, 'The Optimist,' to a big wheel mogul, but he wouldn't even listen to it. 'Nobody's going to buy a record about an eye doctor,' he said."

We could see by the twinkle in her sparkling blue eyes that she was pulling our leg. And we were even more impressed. Can you imagine, a beautiful, bosomy, brainy babe like this with a sense of humor too! What a gal. □

BITCH ON WHEELS

He had picked up other broads on the highway, but none like this gal. She craved her action fast and furious.

Phil swung his little Vega off the expressway and out onto Alameda, a Denver artery clogged with shopping centers and traffic. Man, it would be good to get out of all this and settle down at home with a beer or two. Traffic was tight, but moving fast for P.M. rush hour. He was just a few minutes away from relaxation and the end of one tough workday. He wasn't a nutty driver, but he was a fast one, and he didn't like other drivers who made mistakes. And so his temper flared just a bit when some guy on his left swerved his beat-up station wagon to the right, infringing on Phil's lane. The son-of-a-gun must be drunk, Phil thought, and he gave his horn a toot, just a little one. But that one little toot seemed to give the other guy apoplexy. He pulled back, abreast of Phil, and began a screaming, gesturing tirade. He was a big guy, waving a beer can, and he had someone else in the front seat, a young, foxy brunette. The guy had his window open on her side, and was leaning over the girl to tell Phil what he thought of him and his horn. So, in the interest of peace and tranquility, he pulled quickly off the street and onto a fast food parking lot. Whew, he thought, glad I'm rid of that weirdo. Just then, out of the corner of his left eye, he saw the same car come barrelling down onto him from the other end of the lot. The creep must have pulled off just after him, and was zeroing in from another entrance.

The creeps just won't let you live, Phil thought to himself. He peeled out in first gear right at the guy, then, while still picking up speed, swerved to avoid him by inches and made a right turn onto a side street. It was a little fun messing up this guy's mind, Phil thought, but he just didn't want any trouble. He'd had enough trouble finding a job with his background—two tours in Vietnam with the 173rd Airborne Brigade. Would-be employers thought he must be some kind of kill-crazy heroin freak. Some welcome after a war. But finally Phil had found a nice respectable position with a chemical lab. He was supposed to be a bona fide citizen, and he wasn't happy to let any nut corral him into being anything else.

But weirdo, after doing a comical series of backups to turn around, was now back on his tail, down the quiet residential street. In the rearview mirror, Phil could just make out a flash of teeth from the girl, who seemed to be enjoying

herself immensely. The guy beside her was still yelling, still gesturing with his beer can.

Enough is enough, Phil thought. I can't keep speeding down these residential streets. There are kids playing out here.

Maybe this guy was tough, and maybe he wasn't, but Phil wasn't going to let the jerk push him into possibly hurting a kid. Phil slowed down to twenty, and the guy was maybe four or five inches off the Vega rear end. He could hear the guy now. He was telling Phil to pull over if he knew what was good for him. Phil saw them a little better now. The girl really was one foxy lady, maybe 19 years old, wearing the barest trace of a baby blue halter. The guy, maybe twice her age, was wearing a grubby t-shirt, and had wild, curly, brown-gray hair that stuck out from all over his head. He was ugly as hell, and looked twice as mean.

Phil felt the same sort of tension in his gut he used to feel out on patrol, when he knew the VC were close, knew trouble was going to come, and that he'd have to be good and be lucky if he was ever going to make it back to base. He took a deep breath, blew out all his tension in a great exhale, and then patiently pulled over the right and shut the engine. He was ready.

Mean and ugly came charging out of his car, waving a sawed-off baseball bat he'd grabbed from under the seat. The girl was following closely, sort of skipping lightly, so as not to miss the fun. Phil saw a pair of beautifully tanned legs, then shifted his attention back to weirdo. Phil was out of the car now, his hands up, palms out, to show no weapons, in a short of plea for peace.

But this guy wasn't having any. He came to a halt, but pulled the bat back behind him in a Di Maggio stance. The creep was smiling. "So, you're a smart punk, huh? Well, I'm gonna wipe your face all over this sidewalk. Whodya think you was honkin' at? Huh, Punk?"

"Look, buddy," Phil told him, "I'm just trying to get home from work. "If I bugged you, then I'm sorry. Let's just forget it and go on our way."

"So you think you can beg your way out of this? No way, you pussy-footing pansy." The guy was circling now, and meant business. He was going to show the girl what a man he was.

Phil looked away for a second, as though he weren't interested in the man's physical threat. Then, in a sudden crunch he pushed his left leg straight out from the side, Korean karate style, catching his adversary right in the center of his sagging belly. The big guy's knees buckled and he sank, clutching the baseball bat across his stomach. Phil took a step back, then swiped an arc viciously with his right elbow, catching the guy in his right ear. He collapsed in a pile. Phil kicked the baseball bat away, and it was over.

Now Phil focused his attention or the girl. She was even prettier than he thought. Long, straight hair, magnificent tan, tight, cutoff jeans. She was a knockout. And she was smiling.

"So, you were going to teach this punk a lesson, were you?" she taunted the older man. He was clutching his ear now, and paid no attention to the girl. He was hurt and scared.

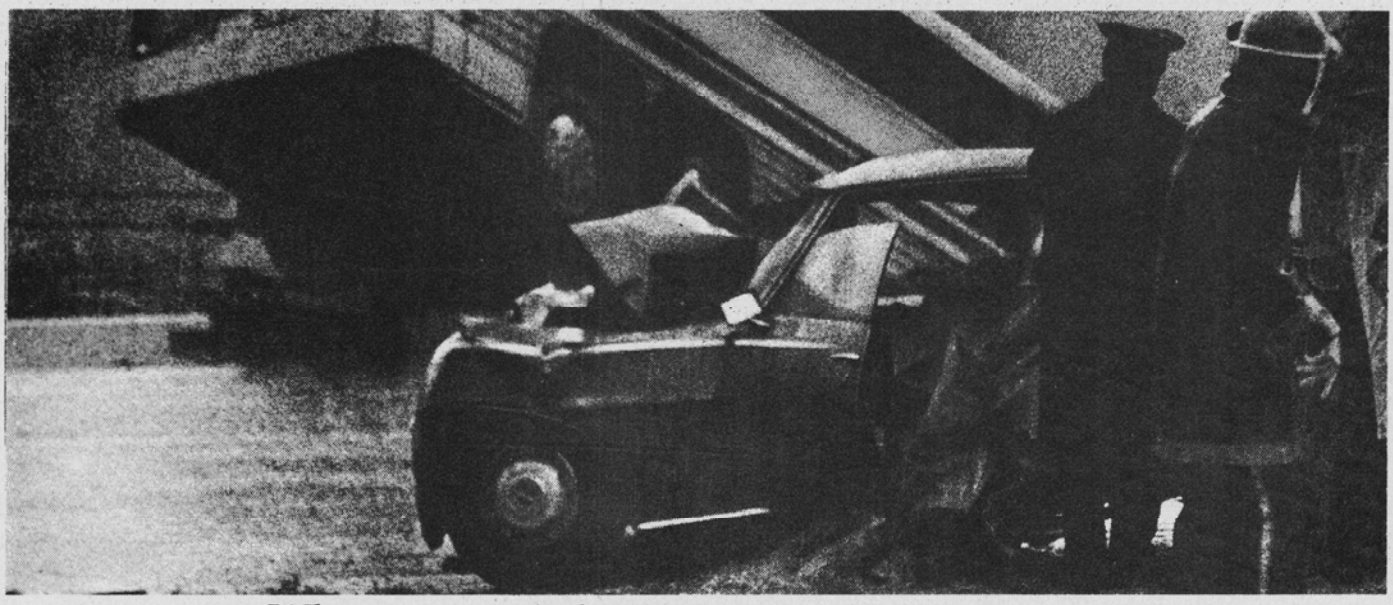
"You're some loyal chick, aren't you?" Phil told her, almost as angry now at the girl as he'd been at her companion. Phil hated disloyalty. Back in the Nam, he'd learned that if you didn't stick by your friends, then you were nothing.

She looked up at him now, with sort of a mocking smile. "Look, Tarzan, I don't know this guy from Adam. I was hitchhiking out of Aspen, and he picked me up about twenty miles ago. He kept telling me what a he-man he was, and when you honked at him, I guess I laughed a little. That set him off. But I didn't want you to get hurt. Looks like I

(continued on page 60)

"Now you know when I said 'going down,' I meant did you wish to descend to a lower floor."

SILENCE IS DEADLY.



When someone drinks too much and then drives, it's the silence that kills. Your silence.

It kills your friends, your relatives, and people you don't even know. But they're all people you could save.

If you knew what to say, maybe you'd be less quiet. Maybe fewer people would die.

What you should say is, "I'll drive you home." Or, "Let me call a cab." Or, "Sleep on my couch tonight."

Don't hesitate because your friend may have been drinking only beer. Beer and wine can be just as intoxicating as mixed drinks.

And don't think that black coffee will make him sober. Black coffee never made anyone sober. Maybe it would keep him awake long enough to have an accident. But that's about all.

The best way to prevent a drunk from becoming a dead drunk is to stop him from driving.

Speak up. Don't let silence be the last sound he hears.

FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.

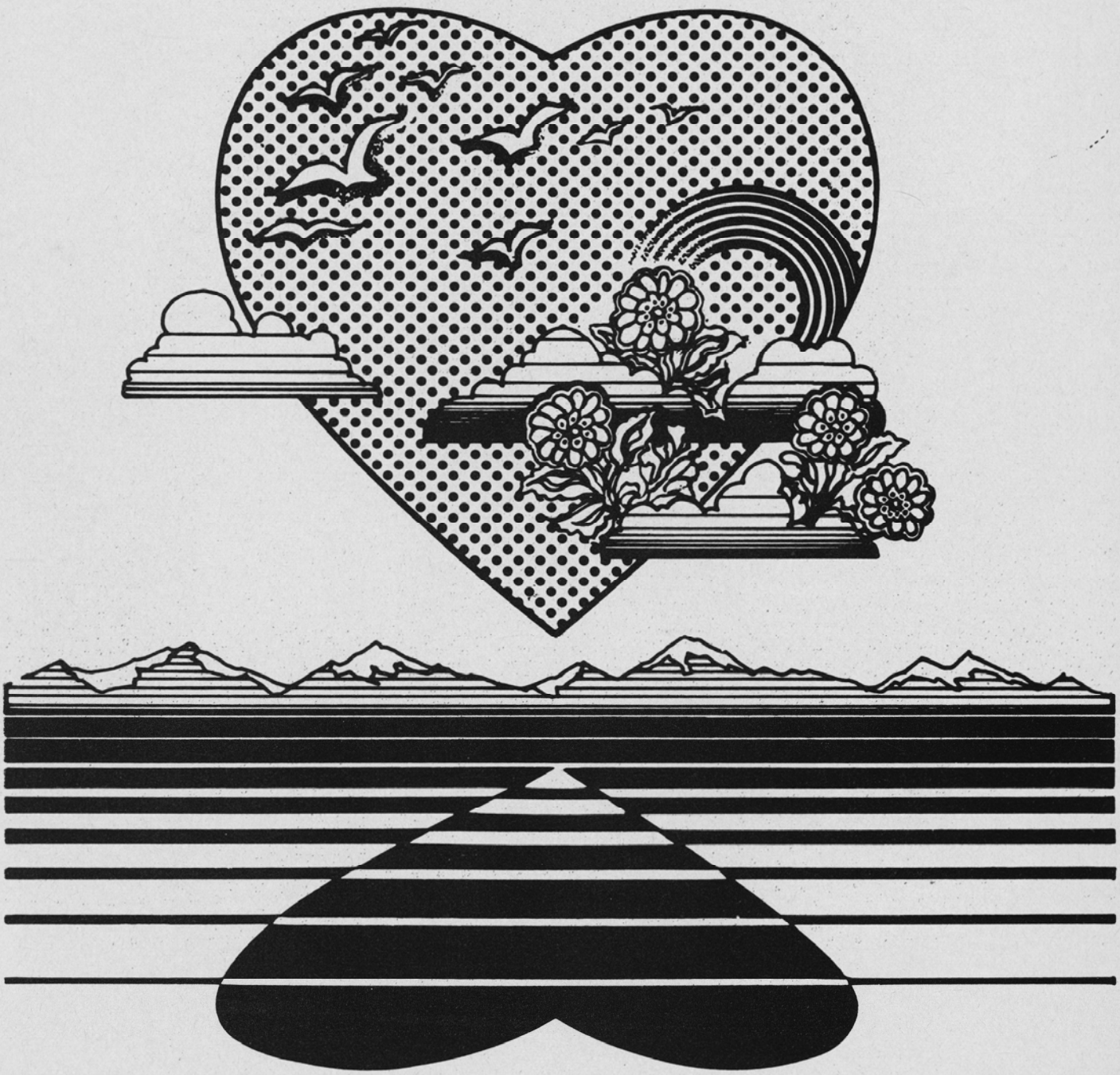
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION • NATIONAL HIGHWAY TRAFFIC SAFETY ADMINISTRATION

Lannie

You'd never know it to look at her, but Lannie had some weight trouble a couple of years ago. Nothing blubbery, you understand. She'd never be mistaken for Bertha the Circus Fat Lady, but she had enough excess flesh to make her feel mentally encumbered. With a great show of will power, she put herself on a strict health food diet.

She said sweets are the downfall of would-be weight reducers. There is actually a term for compulsive candy-eaters, she informed us. "They're called chocolate-aholics." She said that these people, usually women, go on a diet but then when tense or irritated, go on a sweet-eating bender. They actually hide chocolate bars and peanut brittle in chandeliers, bureau drawers and other secret places just as Ray Milland hid his jugs of booze in the "Lost Weekend." One such woman was alone in her Brooklyn apartment when she began to get the urge for sweets. It was Sunday though, and all the stores were closed. She was frantic. She searched high and low, but no chocolates. Not even a half-eaten Baby Ruth. With a flash of inspiration born of desperation, the women got on the phone, called Western Union and had a Candygram sent to herself! But for our dough, Lannie is sweet enough. □

A world free from early heart attack and stroke.



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MYSTERY GIRL

continued from page 16

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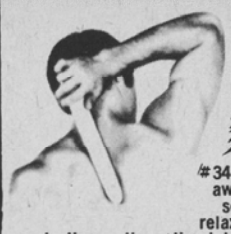

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ENGLEMAN

by Ann Taylor

A SHORT PIECE

Standing beside the bed, he embraced her again. Her red lips parted and she said: "M-M-M-M-"

It was the first time he'd heard her stutter. He wondered why she was nervous but decided it was only because she was worried about her husband discovering them together. He kissed her and unbuttoned her blouse. She said:

"M-M-M-My-"

He decided the best way to overcome her nervousness would be to rush into their lovemaking. He hurriedly removed her blouse and bra, bent for a moment to kiss the firm mounds of her breasts. She said:

"M-M-M-My h-h-h-"

He removed her skirt and panties. She said:

"M-M-M-My h-h-h-hus-"

He undressed and threw his clothes on the floor. He gently forced her down on the bed and climbed above her. She said:

"M-M-M-My h-h-h-husband"

It was a hell of a time for her to start talking about her husband! She was a beautiful woman. It was understandable that her husband should be jealous. Understandable that his jealousy might make her nervous. But this was a hell of a time for her to start talking about him! He gently spread her long curvy legs. She said:

"M-M-M-My h-h-h-husband is-is-is-is-"

He moved between her long curvy legs and slowly lowered himself toward her naked body. She said:

"M-M-M-My h-h-h-husband is-is-is-is st-st-st-st-"

The world seemed to slip away as he moved closer toward her. Sweating and panting with anticipation, he could feel the hardness of her nipples pressing upward against his chest and they seemed the only two hard points in her entire body. Her flesh seemed strangely cold but he knew that was because of her nervousness. He was about to consumate his passion and join his body with hers when her mouth worked up and down in a futile effort to talk. He smiled and said, "Everything is going to be fine, honey, just fine. Now what are you trying to say?" She took a deep breath and stammered,

"M-M-M-My h-h-h-husband is-is-is-is st-st-st-standing th-th-there in the d-doorway with a g-g-gun." □

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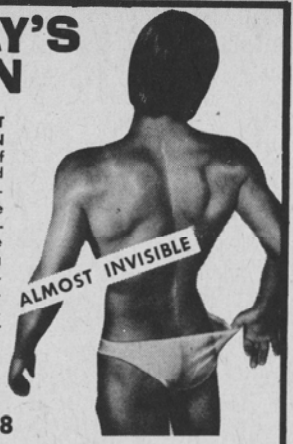

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THE SEXY MAN'S DIET

continued from page 9

some caution. For instance, a married man might be better off if he didn't tell his wife how he got so slim.

Also there's the possibility that older men might take it up too enthusiastically. An old verse says:

Uncle Joe
and Auntie Mable
Fainted at
the breakfast table.
Let this be
a solemn warning:
Never do it
in the morning!

The Toronto psychiatrist says that some obese people, who *think* they'd like to engage in what Charo calls "kootchie-kootchie," are subconciously afraid of sex. They dread it, maybe even loathe it. The doctor suggests that, although they aren't aware of the reason, such people actually overeat on purpose to put on poundage so they'll be sexually unattractive. They heard that "nobody loves a fat man" and they want to make sure no BUF babe is tempted to seduce them.

Of course, if you're one of those chubby chaps whose greatest joy is tucking a napkin under the chin, maybe there's no hope for you. How can anybody help a man who's rather tuck than do something else that rhymes with "tuck?"

And, naturally, there will be some instances where a man is doing more than his share of bedroom gymnastics without ever getting an invitation to star in a revival of "The Thin Man." Sad, but some guys gain no matter what.

Babe Ruth, the sainted baseball hero, was known for his mammouth appetite for home runs, for hotdogs and for poontang. A recent biography reports that Babe would enter a house of joy and have his way with each and every one of the ladies therein. In spite of which, he developed a pot belly. Which proves, I guess, that you can't win 'em all, even if you're Babe Ruth. Perhaps Dr. Daniel Cappon explains about that in his book, "Eating, Loving and Dying: A Psychology of Appetite."

Girls who peruse this article may be assured that they, too, can lose weight with couch calisthenics. But precaution is advised. Otherwise they may find themselves with an unwanted bulge in about nine months. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

Dig the "Wish Book" and See Prince Charming

The stage production, "Hair," made theatrical history by presenting male frontal nudity and letting the ladies of the audience have something interesting to look at. Naked men have since been seen in other stage and film presentations, "letting it all hang out," as the feller says.

Now a Sears, Roebuck catalogue has got into the act. "By accident," say the pooh-bahs of the company.

Sears' newest catalog has a section featuring underwear, with male models. In one photo, below the hem of a pair of boxer shorts, there appears what the company calls, "a flaw in the printing." This appears on page 602. If you get a copy of the book, you'll probably find that somebody has beat you to it and already torn out page 602.

We have not been able to get hold of an unexpurgated copy so we can only guess that the "flaw" may make it appear that the model's penis, balls or possibly all three, are partially exposed.

The company is worried, and rightly so. What if a lot of lonesome spinsters send in orders for a pair of the shorts "complete with contents?" If they try to fulfill the orders, that young model is going to be a mighty busy stud. □

"That was real quickie—the commercial is still on!"

STAPLE LOVE

continued from page 30

Still Simpson hesitated, trembling with the fear of failing again. Then, recallihg Dr. Wook's instructions, he forced himself to concentrate on the staple. And suddenly as he felt himself slowly beginning to harden he began to understand the power of gold. It was amazing—all at once he felt like he could conquer an army of women, climb a mountain of them. Quickly he ripped off his clothes and rushed toward Lila.

"Beautiful," she cried as he fell on her like a dart on a bullseye, "just beautiful!"

And that was just the beginning. The afternoon was a symphony of lovemaking, one long beautiful theme and variations. Over and over they played it. Whenever Simpson felt himself running down, he only had to think of that sliver of gold and he would immediately take off again. He could scarcely believe that this body which kept going and going belonged to him.

"Yes, yes," Lila whispered as he began flicking his tongue into the cinnamon crescent in her crotch, as he decided on some oral sex as a change of pace. It was then that he discovered the small spot of something hard and cold, something metallic. Shocked, he lifted his head and gently parted Lila with his hands. Yes, there it was, a tiny sliver of gold embedded in her clitoris.

His first reaction ws rage; he felt somehow that he had been tricked and duped. Furiously he began to dig at the golden staple, intending to rip it out. But his fingers were too big and clumsy and Lila kept writhing and wiggling in rapture, so he bent and began gnawing at it with his teeth.

"Great, absolutely fantastic!" Lila cried.

He looked up and saw her face flooded with pleasure and realized that he was being a fool. What did it matter if Lila had a staple too? Didn't that just make it twice as good? Even before he'd become impotent he'd never experienced sex like this. Weren't two staples then twice as powerful as one? Why, perhaps they were the vanguard of a whole new kind of lovemakers, people joined in golden ecstasy, by their staples. Wildly he began to picture himself founding a dynasty on staplepuncture, creating a world-wide club for staplelovers. There would be special pins to identify the staplites. There could be a magazine. . . .

"Please don't stop," Lila cried.

"No, I won't stop, Lila love," Simpson shouted, "not now, not ever."

But finally, temporarily exhausted, he did stop and the two of them lay together and slept. Hours later when he awoke Simpson felt oddly drained as if he had not really slept at all. Lila was gone. But then he hadn't expected her to be there—it had not been that kind of affair. She had just been the first of many. Idly though he began thinking back at how good it had been. But as he lay there thinking about what had happened that afternoon he realized that he was not getting aroused as he should have been. The thought of how great sex with Lila had been left him cold. The whole experienced seemed distant and celluloid, something that had not happened to him at all.

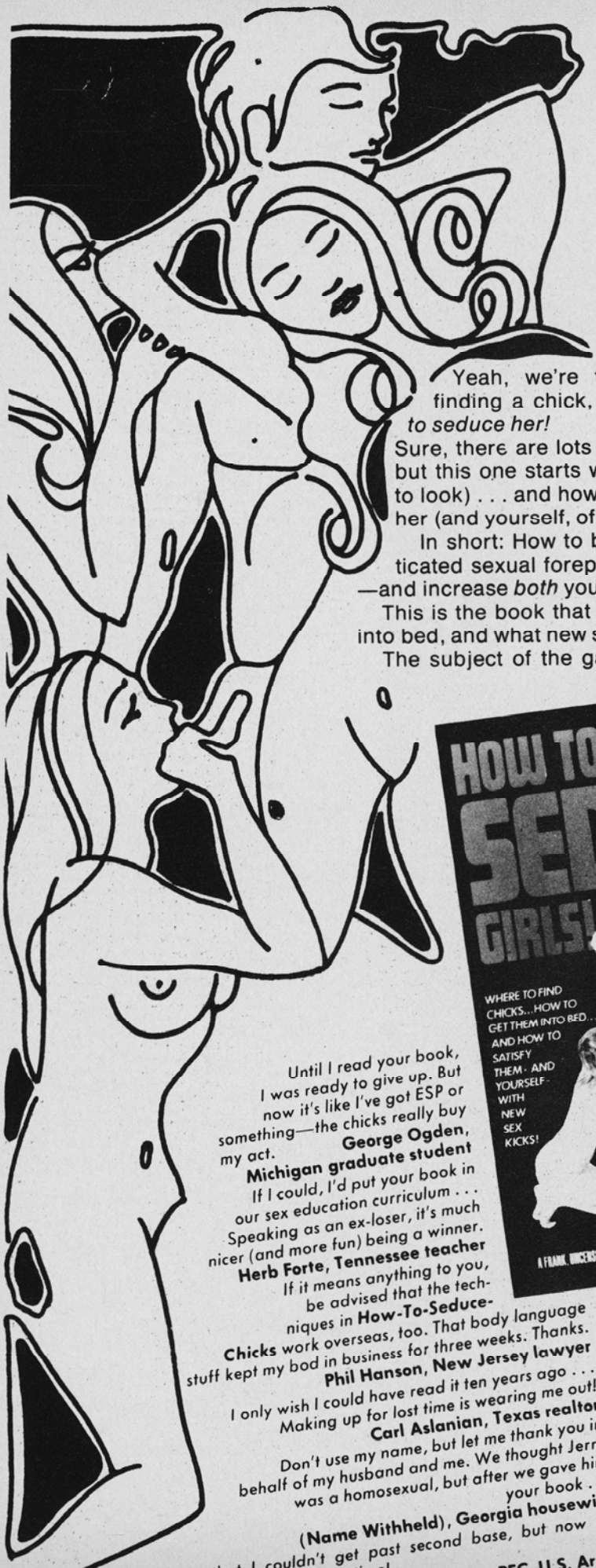
Desperate, anxious now to recapture some of the pleasure of that afternoon, Simpson began to concentrate on his staple. Still nothing. Frantic, he threw back the covers intending to just look at that golden sliver for reassurance and saw then what was wrong. The staple was gone! On the testicle where it had been there were now only two faint dots the size of pinpricks.

Unashamedly, not caring that it wasn't manly, Simpson began to weep. There was a note weighted down by a pair of tweezers on the sheet near his body. He read it through a watery haze of hopeless tears.

Dear Simpson,

Sorry, but I just couldn't resist a matched set.

Love,
Lila □



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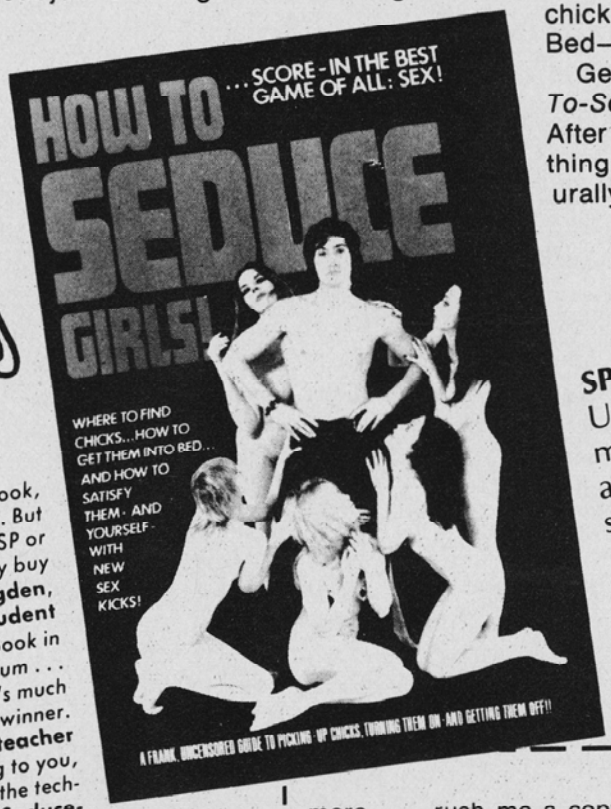
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Until I read your book, I was ready to give up. But now it's like I've got ESP or something—the chicks really buy my act. **George Ogden, Michigan graduate student**

If I could, I'd put your book in our sex education curriculum . . . Speaking as an ex-loser, it's much nicer (and more fun) being a winner. **Herb Forte, Tennessee teacher**

If it means anything to you, be advised that the techniques in **How-To-Seduce-Chicks** work overseas, too. That body language stuff kept my bod in business for three weeks. Thanks. **Phil Hanson, New Jersey lawyer**

I only wish I could have read it ten years ago . . . Making up for lost time is wearing me out! **Carl Aslanian, Texas realtor**

Don't use my name, but let me thank you in behalf of my husband and me. We thought Jerry was a homosexual, but after we gave him your book . . . **(Name Withheld), Georgia housewife**

It used to be that I couldn't get past second base, but now it's bang-bang-bang each and every time! ***Tony Simpson, PFC, U.S. Army**

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BITCH ON WHEELS

continued from page 46

didn't have much reason to be concerned, though, does it?"

Phil smiled now, for the first time since the fiasco began. There must be some lies in her story somewhere, but with that face and figure, it was easy to give her the benefit of any doubts. "Say, if you're heading east," she told him, "it looks like I could use a lift." Before Phil could answer, she'd run back to the station wagon, retrieved a knapsack, and jumped into Phil's passenger seat.

Phil looked down at the older man, who, it appeared, was now getting nauseous. But he had his breath back, there were no broken bones, and he could have come out worse. The man seemed to sense that. He looked up pleadingly toward Phil. "Wa, wa, watch out, watchout for that little . . ." and the words trailed off as his gaze sank down again.

"C'mon, he's okay," the girl yelled. Phil shook his head and got back behing the wheel. She smiled as he headed back toward the highway. "Hey, got a cigarette?" Before he could answer, she'd reached her right hand into his breast pocket, shifting her body almost entirely before him. Her right breast, tugging out of the baby blue halter, was perhaps an inch from his face. He could see the top of a pink nipple, surrounded by white flesh not reached by the sun. She shifted back into the passenger seat and lit up.

"That was really something back there," she told him. "You really know how to handle yourself. I like men like that. I go for men like you."

Phil felt something skip along his thigh and land in his now-bulging crotch. It was her suntanned left hand, which lingered there momentarily, then worked his zipper down. "Yes, I really do like men like you."

Phil was sure he had some questions for her, but for the life of him, he couldn't remember what they were. The incident with her former companion was wiped from his mind, which was obeying stronger instincts.

"Where you driving to?" she asked him nonchalantly, her eyes dancing.

"I thought maybe I'd head us toward my place," he answered, trying to take things in stride. But his voice quivered a little, and she gave an appreciative laugh. "Don't do that," she told him. "I like cars, let's stay in the car. I like what happens in them."

"Look," Phil tried to say. He didn't finish the sentence as he felt the warmth of her mouth close down upon him below. Then she popped up, looking straight at him. "Pull over," she smiled, "and we'll see if we can't make you happy right here."

Phil obeyed. He turned onto a side street, turned a couple corners and pulled into a vacant lot. It was

twilight now, maybe no one would see them. What the hell, he thought, it's worth the chance. She was at him again now, making long, wet strokes. Phil reached down, untied the flimsy halter, then slipped off her shorts. There was no underwear. She kneeled on the floorboard now, and without missing a stroke, had his pants off in seconds.

"C'mon," she yelled, and dived into the back seat. Phil followed. It was cramped, but it was fine. He sat in the seat and she mounted him. He felt tight wetness and plunged upward. "Oooooohh," she moaned. Her smile was different now, no longer mocking, full of pleasure. He tried to make it last, but after five or possibly ten minutes, saw she was going into sweaty, intense orgasm. Phil joined her. She went limp below, her arms tightly cradling his head. "Like I said," she whispered, "I like men like you."

In a couple minutes he was dressed. She put on her halter, then stopped. "Go ahead," she said, "I'll stay like this awhile. No one will see." So he drove off happily, his partner naked below the waist. This is one weird chick, he thought to himself. But who am I to complain?

Back on the highway, feeling on top of the world, Phil suddenly felt a hand busying itself on his zipper, the flash of air on his crotch, then, "Yipe!"

She had bit him! Not an angry bite, just a half-friendly nip, but it surprised him, and he'd swung momentarily over into the other eastbound lane. Some guy in a Volkswagen honked and yelled at him. "Hey," Phil's passenger said, "I thought you were the kind of man I like. Are you going to let that jerk get away with that?"

"Hell no!" Phil shouted, and took off after the Volkswagen like a demon, easily pulling in front and curbing the guy in moments. "Here, let me get my shorts," the girl squealed happily.

"No, let me handle this," Phil told her firmly, and stuffed her shorts into his belt. He got out of the car and walked over to a nervous, skinny teenager. "Hey, look, mister . . ." the fellow started to say.

"You don't have to tell me a thing," Phil said. "But I want to apologize for pulling you over like this, and for swerving into your lane before that. And here's a little token of my appreciation for your trouble."

With that, Phil yanked open the passenger door of his Vega, and jerked out the half-naked girl and knapsack in one quick pull. She landed on her beautiful bare ass, right on the curb. Her smile was gone.

"Here you go, kid," Phil told a startled, pop-eyed teenager. "You won her fair and square, and she really likes men like you."

"You ba . . ." the girl started to say. But Phil never heard the rest of her speech. He was moving down the highway, smiling, back on his way to that beer. □

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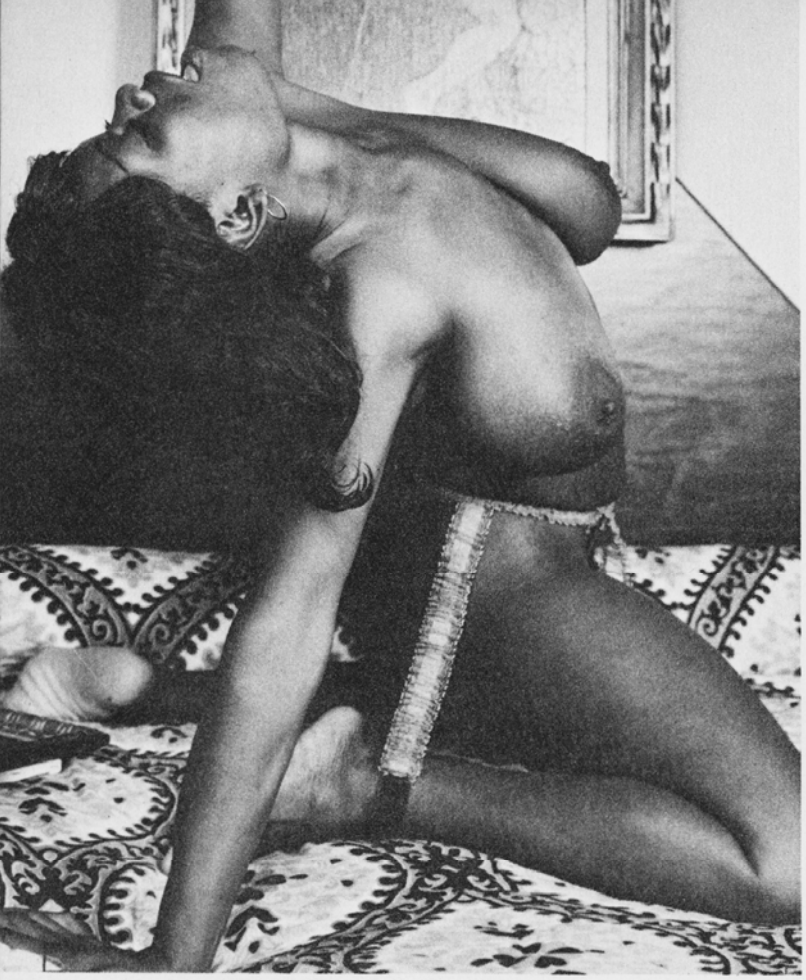
Hallie

This banjo-pickin' chiropractor's last appearance in our pages elicited a flood of mail from bug-eyed readers who begged for more of super-shaped, sensational Hallie. How could we not oblige? We phoned this mammoth mammaried marvel's office in scenic Syracuse, New York, but reached a recorded message that stated she was out of town at a bluegrass festival. Several days later, she returned our call, and said she was delighted and flattered to be able to pose for us again.

When we last spoke to Hallie she had been studying the five-string banjo with Sue Monick of Syracuse's all-girl bluegrass band, the

Buffalo Girls. Having mastered that instrument, our BUF phenomena is currently building her repertoire and working on her singing. She's currently studying yodelling technique with New York folkie, Mark Ross. "Mark's been a real inspiration to me, "Hallie told us. "He's taught me so much. I'm really getting into those Jimmie Rodgers and Woody Guthrie tunes. We've got a whole bunch of duets worked out. You really ought to come by the Folklore Center and hear us sometime."

Hallie has been getting so involved in the music scene that she's seriously considering giving up her practice as a chiropractor and going into music full time. "I'm thinking of moving to the Big Apple and getting a band together. It's such a thrill to sing with a good band behind you. (But for us it's what's up front that counts.) I sat in with 'Breakfast Special' at the South Street Seaport last night, and sang a few numbers with Roger Mason. We do a swell version of 'Let's Go Down to The



Rockpile, Baby, and Get A Little Boulder.'"

We're sure that Hallie has a big career in the music world coming up. Syracuse may lose its leading chiropractor, but bluegrass will gain a new star. We make no bones about the fact that we think that Hallie is a titan in the field.

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THE RUBBER RENAISSANCE

continued from page 7

the king, who was so delighted he had the good doctor knighted. And somehow the name, Conton, was corrupted into Condom.

Reactions to this innovation were varied. A book published in 1675 entitled, "A Panegyric Upon Condum," glowingly praised his invention. Then again, there were tales that his invention made him notorious, and people shied away from calling him by his real name. It was said he was riddled with remorse and eventually changed his name.

The pursuit of sex, sure enough, went on unabated. For instance, the 18th century's lecher extraordinaire, the redoubtable Cassanova, once bought a dozen of the devices and dubbed them "caps." However, he must have later recanted, because in the early editions of his *Memoirs* he refers to them as the "English overcoats," and an illustration shows him blowing one up before an amused audience.

In 18th century London a certain Mrs. Phillips was doing a booming business in Leicester Square. She blatantly advertised the product with leaflets, and the response was so great that she soon had plenty of competition. The area was soon crowded with all kinds of ersatz "Mrs. Phillips."

Angry denouncements were also impending. In 1826 Pope Leo XIII issued a papal bull which condemned the devilish devices "because they hindered the arrangement of providence."

Curiously enough, this simple little device has had a history of strong over-reaction. Most countries are proud of their products, and like to claim being the originator of some thing or another. (The Russians have launched claim on a myriad of innovations.) Not so with the little old condom. The English, of course, like to refer to it as the "French letter"—and let them take the credit or blame. The French, in turn, labeled it the "English hood," in a sort of reverse chauvinism. And the short job that fits snugly over the head is known as an "American cap." There were still, sure enough, other places to "blame." Some sources say that the name itself is derived from the Greek, Latin or Persian languages. (In these idioms the word respectively means concealment, protection and storage.) But all to no avail—the condom refused to go away.

And in time it became a much more reliable product. In the 19th century inventor Charles Goodyear developed the process for the vulcanization of rubber. This made it possible to make condoms out of latex rubber, and they were soon geared for mass production.

But of course, you can't please everyone. The old fashioned types were certainly found wanting. One disgruntled user called them "an armorplate against pleasure and a cobweb against disease." And in more recent times there arose such expressions as: "Would you put your socks on to take a bath?"

It comes as no surprise that the condom has had its detractors—it certainly has its drawbacks. For one thing, you have to put the damn things on, which may not be of great moment, except for the anxious lover. Further, according to available statistics, they are only about 85 per cent reliable. They can develop pinhole leaks, they can break, and, of course, they will slip off when the erection subsides. And they can also be a nasty nuisance—sometimes the band will ensnare the pubic hair and pinch like hell.

There are, though, some precautions—and they are further nuisances. The condom can be first water-tested for leaks. There is also the necessary withdrawal after the act is completed, to avoid any worrisome spillage. Obviously, there is no completely satisfactory method, but that's sex for you.

Still, as a protection against VD, the codom has had its champions. During World War Two they were issued freely, along with those scary old pro kits. (And anyone who has

put his time in with Uncle Sam's troops will surely recall those gruesome training films that depicted the ravages of VD.)

Further, they may serve a psychological need. There have been numerous occasions where an amorous situation presented itself and the female was reluctant to go ahead without the man donning the proper gear. However, never underestimate man's resourcefulness in such dire moments. Balloons have been known to be used as substitutes—hardly reliable, but great supterfuge. And even plastic bags have served as emergency wraparounds.

In his book, "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," Dr. David Reuben related a pertinent incident. It seems a woman was in a pssionate mood, and much to her dismay, her husband was out of condoms. Not to be thwarted, she went into her kitchen and dug out a box of Saran wrap. She then explained what transpired: "Well, I tore some off, got Joe to wrap it around his organ and we went right ahead. In the ad it says it 'keeps things from spoiling.' Well, it worked—it kept Joe from spoiling my evening!"

To be sure, man's artistic nature has also applied itself in these areas. Creators have designed rubbers that are brightly colored; some even have faces painted on the head. In England during the 1880s, in the repressive Victorian age, some condoms had colored portraits of the Liberal Prime Minister W. E. Gladstone and, believe it or not, the prim Queen Victoria. Then there was the so-called "French tickler," which had a hard appendage, to insure female satisfaction. On occasion feathers were attached to the end.

For many years, of course, the condom was readily available in the restrooms of gas stations, railroad depots, etc., depending on the area. The hypocrisy was also on display. Most machines were adorned with a sign that read: "To be used for the prevention of disease only." This was, sure enough, a simple sop to public morals. On occasion, though, there would be a machine right next to it that dispensed a product called "Prolong"—a cream or jelly that was supposed to enhance sexual pleasure.

Some areas, of course, are more open about these matters than others. For the past 25 years a South Texas dealer has serviced some 2,000 machines. He is well-known all over the area, especially because he's generous with "freebies." In fact, he has admitted that when he arrives in an area he is often greeted with: "Here comes the rubber man."

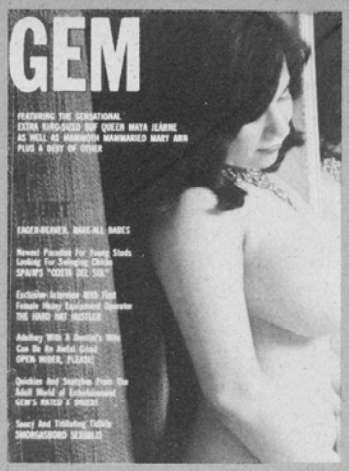
Obviously, the machines in the restrooms made it easier for some to purchase condoms. Outright purchases in drugstores were tough on the shy—especially when the clerk was female. But, it seems, the times may be changing.

Today over-the-counter sales are becoming prevalent in varied areas, and displays are being shown. Annual sales have exceeded 500 million—and that's a lot of rubbers. One executive put it this way: "The pill and the condom are like radio and television as advertising media. Rather than one displacing the other, as many thought would happen, they complement each other."

The big thing has been the dramatic change in attitude. Historically, the sales program was that the manufacturers had no justification for selling condoms other than for disease prevention. The VD epidemic has enhanced these sales, and along with the open attitude toward sex, advertisers and relatilers can now also push the contraception angle.

An executive for the Schmid company explained his company's point of view: "The male contraceptive customer prefers to think he's preventing an unwanted conception rather than to think his wife or the girls he dates have VD."

Sure 'nuff, dad. The rubber ain't perfect—but it sure is snapping back. □



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THE GUYS WHO SELL THE HOT DOGS AREN'T THE *ONLY* ONES WHO MAKE MONEY AT THE TRACK! (AND BROTHER, I'M TALKING ABOUT *REAL* MONEY!)

You see, I haven't been wasting my time all these years. A long time ago, I decided that one of the things I liked best in the world was playing the horses. Flats or trotters—it didn't matter to me; I just **loved** the thrill of putting a few bucks down, watching my pony streak across the finish line, and then stepping up to that pay-off window to collect my winnings!

But, I also had a little problem. I had a wonderful wife, and a fine family to take care of. And, as you know, that requires money coming in—**regularly!** So, being the kind of guy I am, I buckled down and started to learn all I could about the Sport of Kings.

First I read everything I could get my hands on about the science of handicapping. Then, I talked to some of my friends who were **real** experts—guys like Eddie Arcaro and Ron Turcotte. And, after many years of research and study, I came up with the answer to the problem—a way to do what I liked best and make **plenty** of money too! I call them the "CLASSIC '75" Racing and Trotting Calculators—**scientifically-designed systems to take the guesswork out of handicapping—to stop me (and you) from making amateurish bets once and for all!**

SO, HOW DO *YOU* MAKE A KILLING AT THE TRACK? LIKE THIS—

This could be the **big break** you've been waiting for! Because, here for the first time in racing history, are **proven formulas for handicapping the horses** that can be used by **all** racing fans—amateur or professional! Plus, a racing-world first—**visual outcome chart recorder worksheets that enable you to see the finishing position of all the horses in a race at a glance! And, when completed, these worksheets become your permanent record of all aspects of the race!**

What, exactly, does this mean to you? Simply this: that from the moment you receive either your "CLASSIC '75" Racing or Trotting Calculator, you will join the select group of people who **consistently** finish "in the money".

Because the "CLASSIC '75" systems are the odds-on favorites to produce the kind of results that will have you rushing to the bank to deposit the biggest batch of racing profits you've ever collected! They open up to you a **vast area of information** that is usually available to **only a small percentage of people** who go to the track! The "CLASSIC '75" systems take the guesswork out of handicapping.

HOW DO THE "CLASSIC '75" SYSTEMS WORK? JUST LIKE THIS:

Let's say you're playing the Daily Double. All you do is follow the step-by-step instructions supplied with your calculator, entering the information required in the appropriate columns on the visual outcome worksheets. When the calculator has chosen the "winning" horse in the first race, you just play all horses in the second race (wheel) in combination with the "winner of race 1.

Or, if you want to make some big Exacta money, do this: Just choose your race, and when the calculator picks the "winning" horse in that race, play that "winner" against every other horse in the race. Or, pick the "place" pony, and reverse the procedure.

It's just that simple!

TODAY, RACING IS BIG BUSINESS. AND, TO MAKE MORE THAN YOUR CAR FARE HOME YOU'VE GOT TO TREAT IT LIKE A BUSINESS!

Remember! To make money like a "pro", you've got to bet like a "PRO". And, with the "CLASSIC '75" systems, you'll be handicapping with the best of them in no time at all. You don't even need any previous handicapping experience, because "CLASSIC '75" calculators **do all the work for you!** After just a little practice, in less than 5 minutes you'll be figuring out the most logical combination bets for:

DOUBLES . . .
EXACTAS . . . TRIPLES . . .
QUINELLAS . . .
PERFECTAS . . . TRIFECTAS!

And, you can **still** make money on those days when you can't make it out to the track. Because the "CLASSIC '75" systems had been adapted for use at OTB!

How can you lose when you'll quickly be able to determine such key factors as:

The true "class" horse in any playable race . . .
The playable longshot . . .
What races **not** to play . . .
Importance of track conditions . . .
When and how to bet combination races . . .
And much, much more!

When you get your "CLASSIC '75" Racing or Trotting Calculator, try it for a full 30 **racing** days! If you find that it doesn't do everything I've said it does—leaving you to just go to the window and cash in your winning tickets—return it for **every cent of your money back!** Could **anything** be fairer?

HERE'S THE KIND OF MONEY YOU COULD HAVE MADE BETWEEN MAY 1 AND MAY 10, 1975 IF YOU HAD BEEN HANDICAPPING WITH THE "CLASSIC '75" RACING CALCULATOR

(These figures are a matter of public record and are available upon request.)

Date	Track	Race	Horse	Type of Race	Paid
5/1	Garden State	2	Venetian Holiday	Daily Double	190.20
5/1	Garden State	3	Spit em Up Doctor's Gold Safety Blitz	Trifecta	424.50*
5/2	Aquaduct	2	Mocha Royale	Daily Double	154.00
5/3	Garden State	4	Texas Girl	Exacta	460.00
5/3	Garden State	5	Aerolithe	Exacta	21.60
5/5	Aquaduct	3	In Your Favour	Exacta	62.20
5/6	Aquaduct	3	Lucky Payday	Exacta	23.20
5/8	Garden State	1	La Taquin	Daily Double	63.00
5/9	Aquaduct	5	Iron Poker	Exacta	153.00
5/10	Garden State	1	Shubeeskin	Daily Double	117.00

*(All winnings are predicated on $2 bets with the exception of the Trifecta at Garden State where the bet was $3.)

P.H. SALES LGM-3
2 Park Place, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

☐ Enclosed find my $20.00. Please rush me my "CLASSIC '75" **Racing Calculator** with carrying case.

☐ Enclosed find my $20.00. Please rush me my "CLASSIC '75" **Trotting Calculator** with carrying case.

☐ SPECIAL OFFER—Please send me both the racing and trotting calculators for the special combination offer of $35.00.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP____

N.Y.C. residents add 8% sales tax.